

THE
HIGHLAND REEL,

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL SMOKE-ALLEY.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

Vet. A5 e. 3803

Box from Rothwell

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LAIRD DONALD.
LAIRD RACY.
M'GILPIN.
SANDY.
SHELTY.
CHARLEY.
CAPTAIN DASH.
SERGEANT JACK.
FOOTMAN.
BENIN, a Black Farley.
SERVANT, to Laird Donald.

JENNY.
MOGGY.



THE HIGHLAND REEL.

A C T I.

SCENE *Isle of Coll.—Front of M'GILPIN'S house—
small Rails round it, with a Gate that opens.*

CHARLEY *discover'd getting out of a low Window.*

CHARLEY.

ALL seems quiet: I hope the old fellow won't hear me.—I must try to wake Moggy.—(*taps at an upper window with a stick*)—Miss Moggy, Miss Moggy, Miss Moggy M'Gilpin, Miss—I must *Miss* her a little bit.

MOGGY, (*looking out of window*) Charley, is it you?

CHAR. Yes, I have stole the key of your room out of your father's pocket.

MOG. O charming!

CHAR. And if you'll make haste, I'll watch till you come down.

MOG. And have you got the key of the street door?

CHAR. O la, no, I quite forgot that.

MOG. O you fool, how could you forget it?—Well, stay a bit—I'll go and cut my bed-cord, and slide down by it to you. [*Exit from window.*]

CHAR. Slide down by her bed-cord—La what a good foul it is.—Well I am not the first Clerk that has run away with his master's daughter; and I dare say shan't be the last, while clerks are poor, masters rich, and daughters pretty.

MOGGY (*throws out a cord at window*) Now, my fine fellow, here goes then—O lud, I shall cut my hands—What shall I do now?

CHAR. Have you got your cloaths?

MOG. What, you won't take me without my cloaths.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

CHAR. The lamb and the heifer are taking their rest
The lark and the sparrow lie snug in their nest;
Puffy dozes and so does my doggy,
All are sleeping but Charley and Moggy.

We wake to love before it is day,

Come, my dearest, I come, my dear,
We must be tripping away.

MOG. No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,
My little old daddy will give unto me;
Will love cool if you take me so barely?

CHAR. Moggy in her smicket is welcome to Charley.
We wake to love, &c.

CHAR. What a romping hoyden it is.—However if she had not a shilling I'd take her at a venture.—I hope I shall be able to take her out of the house before my master, Old Mr M'Gilpin gets up.—O dear, O dear, my master is a whimsical old fellow: he's always talking of his great talents in speechifying; he fancies himself a prodigious fine orator, which he is simple enough to believe will procure him a seat in parliament, tho' at present he's only steward to Laird Donald, and collector of the Excise in one of the most remote western Islands, ha, ha, ha! —He has also a great belief in witchcraft, and absolutely banish'd one Goody Cummins on that account; he wou'd have it she was a witch, ha, ha, ha!—(*comes forward to the gate*)—O lord, this gate is lock'd and I have not the key—what shall I do?—O, I'll place the horse-block on this side—(*puts the horse-block to the side of the rails*)—and fetch George the carpenter's bench from over the way to put on the other, by which means Miss Moggy will be able to get over the pales. [*Exit over the pales.*]

Enter M'GILPIN from the house.

M'GIL. I have heard very strange noises to night; witches and goblins have been about my house: tho' I did banish that old witch, Goody Cummins, I really believe she or some of her elves have been at work here.—There's no noise in my daughter Moggy's room, nor in Jenny's room, nor in Charley's room, and yet noises I have certainly heard. (*Moggy at window throws a large bundle on him.*) O lord, O lord, what's that?

MOG. Have you got it?

M'GIL. Yes, I have got it.——[*disguising his voice.*]
MOC.

MOG. Hush, I thought I heard a noise.

M'GIL. So did I.

MOG. Do you think my father's getting up.

M'GIL. No.

MOG. Well now if I jump out will you catch me?

M'GIL. Yes, yes, I'll catch you.

MOG. Well then, now for it.

M'GIL. O lord, my child will break her bones.—
Hadh't you better come out of the street door.

MOG. But you haven't got the key.

M'GIL. Yes I have.

MOG. Why the duce did you tell me you hadn't it then—now what nonsense that is:—I don't like such jokes I promise you.— [Exit from window.

M'GIL. Nor I neither. [Goes into house.

Enter CHARLEY from back of Stage with the bench, unseen by M'GILPIN.

CHAR. There, Miss Moggy, there's a wooden stepping-stone for you.—Lord what a rage my old matter will be in when he misses her.—(Shelty sings without).—Who comes here?—O its Shelty the Piper, I must retire.— [Goes behind the house.

Enter M'GILPIN.

M'GIL. Sure I should know that voice.

Enter SHELTY.

SHEL. Egad, we shall be all alive to-day: I shall have rare doings at my house on account of this marriage of Sandy with Jenny; I must rouse the lads of the island.

M'GIL. This I suppose is the gallant.

Enter MOGGY from the house.

MOG. Now I'm for you my dilding.

M'GIL. Yes, and I'm for you, my dilding.

MOG. O lord!

M'GIL. Where are you going you young jade.

MOG. Going, fir—going—I was going to church, fir.

M'GIL. O what you wanted to jump out of window to go to church, ha!

(Charley coming on behind, sees M'Gilpin, pulls off jacket and yawns.)

CHAR. What—what's—the mat-ter-ter—fir.

M'GIL. The matter—why where have you been?

CHAR. Asleep, fir.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

M'GIL. And where is Jenny?

CHAR. Asleep too, fir.

(M'Gilpin unlocks the little gate, and he and Moggy come out.)

M'GIL. (To Sheltty) What do you want here, rascal?

SHEL. Me fir—want fir—nothing at all fir.

CHAR. (aside to Moggy) 'Gad its lucky Sheltty is here—we'll persuade your father'twas he wanted to get you away.

M'GIL. There have been rogues and ravishers here to run away with my daughter.

CHAR. Why fir do you think Sheltty would do such a wicked thing?—tho' I always said he was a bad man.

MOG. O my dear Sheltty.

M'GIL. Dear Sheltty!

SHEL. Dear Sheltty—that's a good one.

M'GIL. Oh you dog.

MOG. O Sheltty, tho' I love you, and you are such a pretty lad, yet think not to seduce my innocence.

SHEL. Me—I seduce your innocence.

MOG. Yes, you know you wanted me to jump out of the window to you.

SHEL. Come that's a good one.

M'GIL. Yes, you wanted my poor child to break her bones.

MOG. Yes, you wanted me to break my poor little bones.

M'GIL. Hark'e, rascal, if ever I catch you about my house again, I'll break your neck you dog you.

MOG. O cruel father don't hurt my Sheltty.

CHAR. Lord fir! see if somebody has'nt remov'd the horse-block here; Ay and there is the carpenter's bench on the other side: I dare say, fir, they were intended to help Miss Moggy over the pales.

MOG. Yes, my dear Sheltty placed them there.

SHEL. The devil take me if I did tho'.

M'GIL. Don't talk of the devil—don't you wicked wretch.—I'll have you and the old smuggling thief your father sent out of the island after the witch your grandmother.

SHEL. My granny's a very good old woman and so is my daddy—oh here my daddy comes.—(Enter CROWDY.) O daddy I am glad you are come.

CROW. Why what's the matter boy?

SHEL. Why you know Sandy is going to be married to

to Je
hope
here'
and
M
with
Sh
M
Ay,
care
His
C
duty
all w
M
be re
my o
from
M
Shelt
M
with
of he
C
mar
M
—an
trick
S
grow
the r
tho'
plen
a nic
orde
peop
I am
ways

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

7

to Jenny, so I was only come here to inquire about it, in hopes of selling a drop of liquor at the wedding, and here's old M'Gilpin says I want to marry his daughter, and came here to make her jump out of the window.

M'GIL. What, shall the blood of the M'Gilpin's mix with the blood of a tapster?—Shall our old house—

SHEL. Who wants to meddle with your old house?

M'GIL. You shan't stirrah, I'll take care of that.—Ay, and I'll have an eye on your father there; I'll take care there shall be no smuggling. Am not I collector of His Majesty's taxes.

CROW. You are a dog in office—I owe the king his duty, my laird a quarter's rent, and you a good beating, all which I'll pay, depend on it you old wretch. [*Exit.*]

M'GIL. There, there he threaten's my life—oh, I'll be reveng'd on him.—Charley my good boy, I commit my daughter to your charge, and be sure you keep her from Shelly.

MOG. No, pray don't keep me from the sight of my Shelly.

M'GIL. Hold your tongue huffey—Charley go in doors with her—and do you hear, take care of her, take care of her Charley.

CHAR. O yes sir, I'll take great care that nobody shall marry her—but myself. [*Aside. Exit with Mog. into house.*]

M'GIL. (*To Shelly*) Why don't you go home you dog—and don't let me hear of your father being at his old tricks—I'll punish him if I do. [*Exit.*]

SHEL. There he goes, there he goes—the older he grows the worse he is: The nearer he draws to his grave, the more ill temper'd he gets.—Well I must bustle about tho'; this wedding is a rare thing for me: I shall have plenty of custom.—Well tho' I say it, nobody can go to a nicer house than mine: I have every thing in such good order—no better entertainment to be had any where.—people say Shelly's a queer fellow—and egad so I believe I am—yet I don't know how it is, but I get on—I always get on.

When I've money I am merry,
When I've none I'm very sad,
When I'm sober I am civil,
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

With

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

With my ritol teedle tum,
Likewise fol loll feedlefum,
Not forgetting didderum hi,
And also, teedle tweedledum.

When disputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap;
When I'm romping with a girl,
By accident I tear her cap;
Gadzooks, I'll never marry,
I'm a lad that's bold and free,
Yet I love a pretty girl,—
A pretty girl is fond of me.
With ritol teedle dum, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
Round, and sound, and plump, and fat,
She and I drink tea together,
But no matter, Sir, for that;
If this maiden be wi' bairn,
As I do suppose she'll be,
Like good pappy I must learn
To dandle JACKY on my knee.
With ritol teedle dum, &c.

Enter M'GILPIN and CHARLEY from the house.

M'GIL. There Charley, there's the key and be sure you are very careful of Moggy—a jade, she who is descended from the ancient family of the Bruces to have such notions—take care of her.

CHAR. O yes sir that I will.

M'GIL. By old Crowdy being up so soon I have a notion he has been smuggling to-night, therefore you must have an eye on him to see he don't land his cargo.

CHAR. Yes sir, I'll have one eye on the sea and the other on Miss Moggy.

M'GIL. There's a good lad Charley.

CHAR. Sir I'm told Sandy is come home.

M'GIL. Ay, so I hear, he has been up to purchase wedding cloaths for his marriage with Jenny.—I have a very great respect for Sandy I assure you; and as I like to reward merit I shall, on that account, give Jenny to him as an acknowledgement of it—by which means I get red of a burthen—a good method, isn't it Charley.

CHAR.

CHAR. It is indeed sir.

M'GIL. Yes, yes, In this case I act like a prudent man—I believe I learnt you some of my old tricks, didn't I Charley.

CHAR. Yes sir, you did—and you shall find I'm an apt scholar. [*Aside.*]

M'GIL. You haven't forgot any of 'em I hope.

CHAR. Oh no sir, I remember them very well.

M'GIL. That's right—you are a very promising young man.—But mind you take care and keep Shelly from Moggy.

CHAR. I'll take very good care of that depend on it sir.

M'GIL. Perhaps Charley you have some pretty little blossom of your own in your eye—if so, and I can render you any service in the affair command it my boy.

CHAR. Sir you are very good—Egad as he seems to be in such excellent humour, and we shall want some Cash for our interprize I'll mention my Christmas-box to him [*aside.*]
—Sir if you remember, you was kind enough to promise me a Christmas-box, but you always forgot to give it me.

M'GIL. Did I—Well, well, I'll not be worse than my word.—But come tell me who your little lass is Charley—does she live in the Island? Ha, my boy—I promise you my assistance.

CHAR. O dear sir—there is a girl then—

M'GIL. Thy secrets to thy kind master tell.

CHAR. I love a maid,

M'GIL. Is she full of play?

CHAR. No kid more gamesome.

M'GIL. Where does she dwell?

CHAR. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day.

M'GIL. If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame,

CHAR. As much, kind sir, I've heard you say,
I love my charming ———

M'GIL. Ay, what's her name,

CHAR. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day.
My Christmas box; ———

M'GIL. —Oh, I understand;
Thy faithful services I'll repay,
Here's five bright shillings.

CHAR. —And here's my hand. [*Exit.*]

M'GIL. Twang lango dillo, lang twango dillo day.

M'GIL.

M'GIL. Charley you are a very good boy and I like you very well, but touch my pocket and our friendship ends.—Egad as they have rous'd me so soon this morning I'll take a walk down to the Beach and there like another Demosthenes recite my orations — Its a fine high wind too—that's lucky faith—O this perverse girl of mine—with her beauty she should marry a lord, and then my talents would soon procure me a seat on the treasury bench.—(*Sandy sings without*) O here comes Sandy who is such a simple lad as to prefer love to money. (*Enter SANDY.*) Ah Sandy my boy, how do you do?—what you are return'd, ha!

SAN. Yes sir and I hope have provided every thing requisite for my wedding with Jenny to-morrow.

M'GIL. To-morrow—why what will you do for a parson.

SAN. You know sir our new Curate is expected here to-morrow from Racey.

M'GIL. Sandy you have, by the great skill in agriculture which you acquired in extravagant England, so improved and cultivated the land, and infused such a spirit of industry amongst the peasants of the Island, that I am determined, as a reward for your good services, to bestow Jenny on the man of her heart, and I believe I need not tell you that you are he.

SAN. I thank you sir, my Jenny is the fairest of flowers and sweet as the blossoms in May.

Oh, had I Allan Ramsay's art,
To sing my passion tender,
In ev'ry verse she'd read my heart,
Such soothing strains I'd send her;
Nor his nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
To shew is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.
She makes me know what all desire,
So roguish are her glances;
Her modest air then checks my fire,
And stops my bold advances.
Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
Yet by her conquer'd wholly;
For sprightly as the bounding fawn,
Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.

May

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

11

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an am'rous ninny;
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy I sign Jenny.
 Last Sunday when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cried, when ask'd the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grissipoly.
 My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and lowly;
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely.
 From ev'ry fordid selfish view,
 So free my heart is wholly;
 And she is kind, and I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grissipoly.

M'GIL. Here comes your Jenny.

Enter JENNY.

SAN. My dear Jenny.

JEN. Welcome home my Sandy.

M'GIL. Egad my highland lad and lowland lassie you'll make a very pretty couple.—Well Jenny my girl, I intend to make Sandy happy to morrow with you—to-morrow Jenny I shall resign you to him; tho' I assure you I shall part from you with reluctance: you are well convinced of my regard for your welfare.

JEN. Dear sir, my gratitude for your kindness—

M'GIL. Ay, Jenny if I was the man that would boast of his kindness, I should tell you I gave you an asylum in my house when you was a little squailing bairn, and your poor mother—who—

SAN. Dear sir we have heard of this a hundred times.

M'GIL. Well suppose you have, can you hear it a hundred times too often—what the duce would you have me hide my candle under a bushel—have not I given you as good education as my own daughter, Miss Moggy M'Gilpin?—didn't I send you to the tip-top Boarding-School at Inverness, kept by Miss Caroline Killcoobry.

JEN. You did indeed, Sir.

M'GIL. In short I have spar'd no expence to render you accomplish'd; and all out of my own pocket; tho'

I never

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

I never knew your family, nor do I suppose I ever shall; for you know your poor forlorn mother hadn't a single bawbee to leave you when she died, which was when you was but a fortnight old—no, I say, not one bawbee to leave you—(Except five hundred pound, which I'll take good care you shall never touch a penny of.)—[*Aside.*—Egad I'm a gay old fellow, I'm quite a second Robin Gray.

JEN. O sir, your goodness leaves me not a wish but to know my parents.

Such pure delight my bosom knows,
My thanks are due to heaven and thee,
With gratitude my heart o'erflows—
Kind agent of its clemency.

Such pure delight, &c.
Humanity, thou good supreme!
To chase the orphan's tear away;
Alike the bright all-cheering beam
Brings comfort from the god of day.

M'GIL. Well, Sandy, take her, and may you long be happy—Take your diamond.—Take her off my hands.
[*Aside.*

Enter SHELTY with a Letter.

M'GIL. What brings you here?

SHEL. Why a drummer boy at my house desired me to bring you this letter.

M'GIL. What, cou'dn't he find a better messenger.—Give it me.—Hey—this seems a running hand.

SHEL. Then saddle your nose and after it.

M'GIL. Here, Sandy, Jenny, you must hear this—why it seems our young laird is our landlord, and is gone into the Army.

SAN. Indeed! this is the first time I have heard of it.

M'GIL. O its very true, this letter comes from him—I'll read it to you.—(*reads*)—"the gentleman who brings "you this"—

SHEL. Gentleman, ay, thats I—very true.

M'GIL. Hold your tongue, firrah—O, your a bad man.—(*reads*)—"does honour to the name of soldier, "and commands a company in my Regiment; his name "is Dash, and he is accompanied by a Serjeant Jack,— "you will oblige me by shewing him every civility, and
"procuring

"procuring him as many good men as the Island can possibly spare. I am yours—&c. ROBERT DONALD."—
I must look out for some good men for them—let me see—you'll go, Sheltie.

SHEL. I'm a bad man, you know—ha, ha, ha.

M'GIL. Well, I must go and prepare myself—I must dress to meet this Captain Dash—I'll receive him with one of my most elegant orations. [Exit.

SHEL. (*bawling*) Here, Charley, lay out Mr M'Gilpins Sunday-coat, brush his three-cock'd beaver and powder his old scratch.

SAND. Well, Jenny, I'll now go and prepare the lads of the island for our procession to-morrow.

SHEL. Ay, and I'll go and prepare the lasses.

JEN. O Sandy, stay a minute—I forgot to tell you I purchas'd a sixteenth share of a lottery ticket.

SAND. Indeed!

JEN. Yes—here it is—Let me see—O ay, No. 125—I hope 'twill prove a prize—do you take it Sandy.

SAND. It shall prove a prize; good fortune has been propitious to our wishes to day, and will continue to smile on us.

SHEL. Ay, ay, good fortune to be sure—that's the thing—Egad I do like good fortune—Ay, and have got good fortune too—there's your wedding to-morrow, that will be good fortune to me—and there's the rendezvous at my house too—that's good fortune again.—But I must make haste home to singe my sheepheads—and then, hey for goodfortune.

JEN. Excuse a fond maiden's confession,

SHEL. Her blushes exhibit her blifs,

SAN. My joy is too great for expression,

SHEL. Suppose then you speak in a kiss.

JEN. Affections most pure now unite us;

SAN. Chaste pleasures now wait to delight us.

SHEL. The music and bottle I'll bring

JEN. The finch and the linnet invite us,

SHEL. Fond turtles shou'd pair in the spring;

SAN. Let lasses pursue your example,

JEN. The youths may take pattern by thee;

SHEL. You give me of love such a sample,

Oh! married I'll certainly be.

B

JEN

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

JEN. Oh, what is the gay blooming flower,

SAN. The transient sweets of the hour,

Both. Compar'd to the charms of the mind ;

SHEL. Good humour to charm has the power,
When time leaves no beauties behind.

A C T II.

SCENE—*A rural prospect.—Shelty's house at the back side.
The Sign of the Bagpipes. Wrote over the door—"Ale
and whisky fold here by Shelty."*

Enter from the house, Captain DASH and Sergeant JACK.

DASH.

WELL, Jack, here we are, my boy ; and I make no doubt when our arrival is known, our colours will soon attract the bonny Highlanders.

JACK. Ay, ay, as we have given out their young laird is our Colonel they will quickly flock to his standard I warrant them.

DASH. Right, Jack, that report was a lucky thought, my boy.

JACK. And yet I wish I hadn't embark'd in this scheme ; its cruel to impose on the honest fellows.

DASH. You are mighty considerate truly—impose indeed—why we are very certain our imposition cannot be discover'd : you know their young laird is studying the newest fashion of sowing oats ; and we know our ground with old M'Gilpin, his steward—flatter him on his talents for oratory and he will refuse us nothing ;—his authority doubt, is very great in the island.

JACK. You must promise him an agency and he'll help us to men in abundance.

DASH. Men—damme, I wish he could help us to some of the women here ; there is one pretty girl that I have seen, whom I would rather have than hold my standard on the walls of Belgrade—O, here comes some of the peasants—I shall leave you to manage them whilst I go
and

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

and take a view of the island. — Jack, get 'em down to cards, make them drunk and the business is done. [*Exit.*]

JACK. Cards—Aye, poor fellows and so rob them of their liberty, while with the sight of a halberd, and the chink of a British shilling I delude them with the hopes of honour and riches.

Enter SHELTY and Peasants.

SHEL. Come, my boys, let's mind and have every thing proper and handsome for the wedding.

JACK. My honest fellows, let us shake hands.

SHEL. Every man shake his own hands—ha, ha, ha.

JACK. Why you seem all very merry to-day.

SHEL. Yes, we were all very merry yesterday, and we were all very merry the day before, and we shall all be very merry to-morrow, and merry the next day, ha, ha, ha.

JACK. What, are you always laughing?

SHEL. Yes, I was born laughing—and every body about me laugh'd—the nurse laugh'd, he, he, he—my daddy took me from her and he laugh'd, ha, ha, ha—when I was christen'd they laugh'd—what's his name said the parson, and he laugh'd, ha, ha, ha—Shelty cries my god daddy, and he laugh'd, ho, ho, ho—Amen said the clerk, and ecod he laugh'd, ha, ha, ha—Since when, every body has laugh'd at me, and I laugh at every body, ha, ha, ha.

JACK. Well, my laughing hero, will you list with me? —you—

SHEL. That's more than my daddy could do then.

JACK. Why, such a person as you would be the life—egad the very drum of the corps.

SHEL. And your rattan, on my back, would be the very drum stick of the corps.

JACK. No, that it shou'dn't, I give you my word—nay, I pledge my *honour*, and I hope you consider that as binding.

SHEL. Yes, but all your binding shan't *list* me.

JACK. Why you are an odd fish.

SHEL. Yes, but I'll not be a red herring.

JACK. No, but you are a *pickled* one.

SHEL. Come, that's a good one.

JACK. Well, but what are you.

SHEL. A man.

JACK. I hope you are—but what business are you of?

SHEL. Why, I am a bit of a musician—I play on the bagpipe—and I am a wine-merchant too—I sell ale and whisky, and my daddy is a tide waiter—who are you?

JACK. I am Sergeant Jack in the company of Captain Dath.

SHEL. O, you are Sergeant Jack, and keep company with Captain Dath—good bye to you.

JACK. Stay, stay, you must know I have the honour to belong to the regiment of which your young laird is the colonel.—This is his halberd—do you pay it no respect.

SHEL. Respect—O, I understand you. (*passes before the halberd and bows very low.*)

JACK. Upon my word you are very polite.—Pray is it any particular festival to day.

SHEL. Yes, a wedding in the island—and here comes the bridegroom.

Enter SANDY.

SAN. O, here you are, my lads; well let us now march to—

JACK. Let me instruct you how to march—I can put you into the best method of marching

SAN. Ay, sir, but our marching and yours are very different—you march to assault a town—we to attack a good dinner.

JACK. And who marches to a better dinner than we do?—the cloth spread on an oak table at the drum head—where a good sir-loin leads the van—geese and turkies the right and left wings—ham and fowls bring up the rear—and for ammunition, vollies of shot from a damson tart; then handle knife and fork, prime load and fire away.

SHEL. Well, but don't you say grace.

JACK. O yes, always say grace.

SAN. Well, sir, if you will do us the favour to dine with us to day, we'll convince you, tho' in the highlands of Scotland, we can talk like freemen, eat like Englishmen, and drink like Irish Farmers.

JACK. Bravo, my lad,—egad, I have a rough guinea here in my pocket; I'll change it, drink his Majesty's health and success to the young couple.

For

JE
Yes,

M
J
up.

M
—ay
every

J
woul
M
th
Je

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

For soldiers the feast prepare,
 Who friends protect and foes annoy;
 What war has won, let's now enjoy
 Good cheer, bright mirth bestowing;
 Sir Loin first we'll nobly dare,
 Our host looks round his table,
 His breast with friendship glowing.
 We jovial lads, whilst able,
 Resolv'd to do all honour,
 All honour to the donor;
 With courage charge his boil'd and roast,
 In goblets large each toast,
 With sparkling bumpers flowing.
 Let drums beat, and fife's sound thrill,
 Ye clarions lend your sweetest notes,
 Ye trumpets rend your silver throats;
 Proclaim in warlike measure,
 When the racy bowl we fill,
 The fair shall on their duty,
 And sip its balmy treasure,
 Touch'd by the lip of beauty.
 'Tis now a draught for Hector, 'tis nectar,
 The gods delight, here's wine and love,
 Like Mars who fight, thou'd kiss like Jove,
 By turns the soldier's pleasure.

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

SCENE changes to another View of the Island

Enter JENNY and Country Girls.

JEN. Thank you, my dear friends, for your kind wishes;
 Yes, I shall soon be united to my Sandy.

Enter MOGGY.

Mog. The sooner the better, my dear.

JEN. Why Moggy, my dear, I thought you was lock'd
 up.

Mog. So I was, but you see I found means to escape
 —ay, and mean to clope too, when my Charley has got
 every, thing ready and we can cheat my father.

JEN. O he, Moggy, you would not cheat your father,
 would you.

Mog. Yes, indeed I would when there is a husband in
 the way — but you have got his consent to marry Sandy.

JEN. Yes, thank heaven, I have.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

What raptures to think on the times I have seen,
 On May day I first saw my love on this green;
 So charming his face and commanding his mein,
 The king was my lover, and Jenny his queen.
 The garland presented by Sandy,
 More sweet from the maker—'twas Sandy.

So charming his face, &c.

A side look I threw on my lover by chance,
 Which he soon return'd with as tender a glance,
 My heart leap'd with joy when I saw him advance,
 And well did I guess 'twas to lead up the dance;
 For none danc'd so neat as my Sandy,
 In all things complete is my Sandy.

So charming his face, &c.

Beneath a gay woodbine with myrtles entwin'd
 On cowslips and vi'lets one ev'ning reclin'd,
 So charming a place and a season so kind,
 He artfully chose to discover his mind;
 So sweet were the vows of my Sandy,
 I then exchange'd hearts with my Sandy.

So charming his face, &c.

Mog. Only see, Jenny, if there is'nt the strange Cap-
 tain that's come to take our men away; he has been list-
 ning to our nonsense, and is the most impudent devil.

Enter DASH.

DASH. Upon my soul here's a fine flock of chickens.

Mog. I believe, my dear, he takes you for a lamb,
 he casts such a sheep's eye at you.

DASH. Pray, my dears, don't let me interrupt your
 sports, I'll make one—you'll find me the merriest play-
 fellow—what are you playing at?

Mog. Ha, ha, ha.

DASH. You are a very pretty nosegay, my dear—but
 here's the rosebud of the bouquet—(to Jenny)—what are
 you playing at, my dear.

(The girls all join hands, and dance round Dash, saying a
 rosebud in every bush, a rosebud in every bush.)

Enter M'GILPIN—Girls run off laughing—Dash looks after
 them.

M'GIL. I thought the Captain only came for men, but
 he seems to be beating up for wives and daughters too:
 this is recruiting with vengeance—I suppose he means to
 raise a Regiment of Infantry.

DASH.

DASH. Your servant, fir—who are you pray?

M'GIL. Who am I—only your colonel's steward, fir—What would your general have said if he had seen you just now, like a maypole, with a flock of petticoats dancing round you?—However, give me leave, fir, to bid you welcome to the island.

DASH. Thank you, fir—Give me your hand—Egad these girls have set me all on fire.

M'GIL. Have they—excuse my hand then—you may chance to burn my ruffle.—Well, what do you think of the bride.

DASH. Which was she.

M'GIL. Her in the white, with the tartan ribbons.

DASH. By heavens the very charmer—and must that lovely flower be worn by a clown.

M'GIL. Clown—have a care what you say; her Sandy's a devilish clever fellow.

DASH. Her Sandy indeed—Sandy mustn't have her—no, no, I'll have her myself.

M'GIL. You!—Eh—ha, ha—come that's very true faith.

DASH. I must indeed—harke, Mr Thingumbob—

M'GIL. What—Mr Thingumbob.

DASH. I beg your pardon—Mr Steward, if you will put me in possession of that treasure, what is there I will *not* do for you.

M'GIL. But suppose you first begin by telling me what you will do for me.

DASH. Jack told me the way to have him.—(*aside*)—Why what do you think of the agency of our Regiment.

M'GIL. An agency—why I think there is very pretty picking in an agency.

DASH. O you think there is—say no more, you shall have it: I'll settle it with my colonel.

M'GIL. But I have promis'd her to Sandy.

DASH. Plhaw, what does that signify—break your promise, and be a wise man.

M'GIL. I am a wise man—but every thing is settled, the wedding cloaths made, the parson bespoke; poor Sandy would break his heart if the match shou'dn't take place.—Egad I've an excellent thought—I'll propose my daughter

DASH.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

20

daughter to him.—(*Aside*) Captain, you shall marry my Mog.

DASH. Your Mog—damn your Mog, I don't want to marry any body.

M'GIL. But why damn my Mog?—You don't know her—I tell you she is a very—

DASH. Pshaw, damn your talking.—Come, come, old gentleman, think of your own interest.

M'GIL. Why I never think of any thing else.

DASH. Well, well, then help me to this little blossom and I'll make your fortune.—Why, what a shame it is a man of your wonderful talents should be hid in this obscure part of the world.—Harke, a seat in parliament is at your service.

M'GIL. Ay, our old laird is in parliament and a bright figure he makes there.

DASH. He's a mere Scotch pebble compar'd to you—your eloquence must command success there.

M'GIL. Yes, yes, when they find how I can speak, I shall soon be well paid for holding my tongue.

DASH. Ay, that you will—then there are such things as jobs, and committees, and—but the girl.

M'GIL. I don't know what to say about it.

DASH. Consider, sir, pension, place, preferment—

M'GIL. Pension, place, preferment—give me your hand, you shall have her—Yes, yes, from a collector of taxes I'll be a commissioner, and have a seat in parliament—And if I must be a steward—it shall be of the children hundreds.

Enter CHARLEY.

CHAR. Mr M'Gilpin, where are you, sir.

M'GIL. Here, what's the matter, has Moggy escap'd?

CHAR. No, sir, but Crowdy has just landed some run goods, and hid them in the rock; I saw his boat.

M'GIL. What, the swallow?

CHAR. No, sir, the angel.

DASH. Well, sir, when shall I have her?

M'GIL. She shall be condemn'd.

DASH. Sir!

M'GIL. I say I'll have the angel condemn'd.

DASH. My angel condemn'd—for what?

M'GIL

M'GIL. For what—why for running brandy and tobacco. *[Exit.]*

DASH. Why what the devil does he mean?—here, hollo, Mr M'Gilpin. *[Exit.]*

CHAR. I have sent my master to seize his own goods, which I took out of his store house, and plac'd there on purpose; and in the mean time I'll run away with his daughter Moggy.

Enter MOGGY.

MOG. But won't you take me in your company, Charley?

CHAR. Miss Moggy, why how the duce did you get out.

MOG. No matter for that—here I am; and take me while you can have me, Charley.

CHAR. That I will, Miss Moggy: I have sent your father to the most distant part of the island; so I shall have time to run down to the beach and get a boat ready for us; then off we go. *[Exit.]*

MOG. Well done Charley—make haste my boy—O, my bonny Charley.

My father's house is neat and nice,

My little garden Paradise,

My chamber deck'd with trinkums fine,

My window grac'd with jessamine.

I have a black-bird gay,

O he's a pretty fellow,

He whistles sweet and mellow

The live long day.

My play-full kid, handsome pets I've many,

My wanton bounding, wanting frisking Nanny,

Yet I love none half so well,

As Charley's gift, my dear fidell.

Haste gentle lover, now for you.

Papa kid dog and chick adieu.

In town I'll be, my glass can tell

A monstrous flaming married belle

The foremost in all gamesome bouts,

At Opera's Play's, and Balls and Routs:

All in my plumage fine

Around the smarts shall flutter

Around me what a clutter

"She's all divine."

They

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

They sing they dance, to please me how they caper!
 Whilst rival challenge, huff and vapour,
 As birds all welcome here to woo
 For Charley's sake begone cuckoo,
 I'd ne'er create my spouse's shame
 To singe my wings about the flame. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a view of Shelly's house.

Enter Moggie.

Mog. There seems to be a bustle just come in full of passengers—some of 'em are coming this way:—Ecod I believe this is the new parson that is coming to marry Sandy and Jenny—I wish he would marry Charley and I at the same time.

Enter Laird of Racy dressed as a Parson, a long black cloak on, and a Footman with a Portmanteau.

RACY. O that's a public house, isn't it.

Foot. Yes, sir, it is.

RACY. Well go in and bespeak a room.—Stay take my cloak with you; I found it comfortable upon the water, but here it is rather cumbersome—and do you hear, lay out my best perriwig, I shall want it when I marry this young couple.—When you have refresh'd yourself enquire where Mr M'Gilpin lives.

Foot. I will, sir.

[Exit into the house.

RACY. Come here pretty maid, can you tell me where one Sandy Frazer lives that is to be married to one Jenny?

Moggy. (*aside.*) Lud if I could persuade him that I am Jenny—Egad I'll try, make him marry me to Charley, and so put it out of father's power to separate us more.—Good sir—dear sir—reverend sir—my Charley—I mean my Sandy is gone down, sir, to the water-side to look for you, sir.

RACY. Your Sandy—why are you Jenny then?

Mog. O lud, I'm afraid he begins to suspect me. [*aside.* Yes, sir, I am Jenny.

RACY. And do you wish me to marry you to this Sandy?

Mog. O yes, sir; pray marry us as fast as you can—tho' I'm not in a hurry to be married, sir.

RACY. No I see you are not—but where is Mr M'Gilpin?

Mog. O, sir, my father——

RACY. Father—I thought you had no father.

Mog.

Mog. O, fir, I mean Mr M'Gilpin who loves me like a father, fir: Ay, fir, that he does—he loves me as well as his own daughter.

Racy. O, he has a daughter, has he?

Mog. O yes, fir, one Miss Moggy—Miss Moggy M'gilpin, fir: a very pretty sort of a body I do assure you, fir—only she has one failing.

Racy. What's that pray?

Mog. She is given to fibbling a little, fir.

Racy. Well, but I must see this Mr M'Gilpin.

Mog. O, fir, you can't see him at present; he's gone about a little business and left his compliments for your reverence, and desir'd you'd marry Sandy and me as soon as you arriv'd—O, here comes my Sandy, fir. O lud—*(looking out.)*—tis my old fool of a father—What shall I do *(aside.)* Good bye, fir, good bye to you.

[Exit Moggy into Sheltly's house.]

Racy. Well but stay, Jenny—I say, Jenny.

Enter CHARLEY.

CHAR. Miss Moggy, I have got the boat ready!—Why where is she—pray, fir, did you see a young woman here just now?

Racy. Yes, your Jenny is gone into the house.

CHAR. I don't mean Jenny, fir—*(going.)*

Racy. Well, but hark'e, Sandy.

CHAR. My name is not Sandy, fir.

Racy. Pshaw, pshaw, I know all about the matter; make haste and get every thing ready for the wedding, for I must ferry over Inshkillon where I have got four or five couples more to tack together. *[Exit into the house.]*

CHAR. What the devil is he talking about now—where can Moggy be gone to?—here comes my matter; I hope he hasn't fallen in his way.

Enter M'GILPIN.

CHAR. Well, fir, have you beat Crowdy.

M'GIL. No, damn him, he has beat me—fine usage indeed for a collector of excise to be beat when doing his duty—But I'll let him know that while I am gatherer of His Majesty's taxes I'll allow no one to cheat the king—myself;—And then this old thief Crowdy is a peacher too; keeps a gun and trolis about; but I will inform

Mog.

inform him that I am grand prowler, troller and comptroller of this island.—But where is Moggy?—you have her safe I hope.

CHAR. O yes, sir, she is safe enough—lock'd up at home.—But sir, the parson that was to marry Sandy and Jenny is arriv'd.—you had better have an eye on Sandy, sir; for if he finds out your intention of marrying Jenny to the captain, he'll certainly endeavour to prevent it.

M'GIL. But he shan't tho'—where is Jenny?

CHAR. She went into Sheltie's just now: do you go after her, sir, and I'll step home and take care of Miss Moggy.

M'GIL. No, Charley, do you go in and take care of Jenny.

CHAR. Lord, sir, Jenny will never stay with me; now, sir, do you go in;—there she is by the door, sir:—now go in, sir, while I go and fetch the Constables to take up Crowdy; go in, sir—there she is.

MOGGY. (*looking out.*) It's me you fool.

CHAR. O lud, its Miss Moggy. (*aside*) Well, sir, I will go in.

M'GIL. No, no, I'll go in myself.—do you fetch the constables. [*Exit M'Gilpin into the house.*]

CHAR. So, so, I have sent the wolf in after my lamb—what's to be done? (*Crowdy enters and goes into Sheltie's house*)—O there goes Crowdy—now I'll go and bring the constables; perhaps in the confusion I shall be able to get Moggy down to the water-side. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *a Room at Sheltie's*—*Enter SHELTY with a mug. Enter also FOOTMAN with a Parson's cloak, hat and wig—Lays them on a table and exit.*

SHEL. I will be with you, sir, presently—(*drinks.*)—Lord what good ale I does sell—and my house full of company too—I hope my father's quarelling with M'Gilpin won't kick down all—O here comes my daddy.

Enter CROWDY.

CROW. A rascal to say I rob the king—he's a custom-house officer, yet he smuggles, and he's a damn'd bad servant who cheats his master.

[*takes the mug from Sheltie and drinks.*]

SHEL. What's the matter, daddy?

CROW.

CROW. I've thrash'd M'Gilpin, my boy—he wanted to seize my boat, tho' it was but last week he took my o-ther—he took my swallow—(*drinks*)—yes, boy, I have lost my swallow.

SHEL. (*Turning the mug upside down*) Ecod, father I think you have a very good swallow.

CROW. I'll be reveng'd on this tax-man—I'll——

SHEL. Lord, father, how can you talk so?—now be quiet—all my rooms are full below—the serjeant has got Sandy and the rest of the lads at cards—then there's Sandy and Jenny's wedding too; and this new parson seems a wet clargyman—Your making a piece of work with M'Gilpin will spoil all.

CROW. Mind and draw your ale—score double if you please, but don't trouble yourself with my affairs.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. O, Mr Shelly, here are the constables come.

SHEL. There, I told you how it would be.—Run down and don't let them come up stairs—(*Exit Servant*)—now only think of this—what shall we do?—where can I hide you?—hey—faith I have it—here's the parson's long cloak, his hat and wig; now get into these—now do—don't be obstinate now—take a fool's advice and put 'em on: consider if M'Gilpin finds you here he'll take away my licence perhaps—(*puts the things on Crowdy*)—there now he can't know you.—Now stay there, I'll take care and keep him away if I can. [*Exit.*]

CROW. Get along you coward, you are no son of mine; no I'll have no disguise.—(*throws of the things*)—I wish I had some weapon of defence— isn't that my broad sword hangs there?— (*takes down a sword*)—I made a present of it to this pigeon, but he wants a heart to draw it.—And shall it ever be said that a Highlander sneak'd out of the house with his sword in his hand—no, no, if they do take me they shall first take this.—(*draws*)—It was once drawn in what I then thought a good cause; and, old as I am, I would now willingly draw it in defence of my king, my ever gracious sovereign, for whose late happy recovery, let the name of heaven be prais'd — and tho' I do smuggle a few anchors of brandy, yet I'll quaff his health in a bumper of the best, and bring up my children to fight his battles. [*Exit.*]

Enter Moggy.

Mog. O lord, what shall I do?—my father's in the house—and if he catches me I shall be lock'd up again.—what shall I do—where shall I hide myself?—whats this?—egad I've a great mind to put on the parson's clock—ay, and I will too—so here goes—here's a wig too—ay, and a hat—I'll put 'em all on.—(*puts them on*)—There now let my old father come as soon as he will.

M'GIL. (*without.*) I tell you Jenny is in the house.

SHEL. (*without.*) I tell you she is not.

M'GIL. Well, well I will go up and see.

[*Entering with Shelly.*

SHEL. There now you see she is not here.—O what you have taken my advice I see—that's right—now you are a wise man. (*aside to Moggy*)

M'GIL. Hark'e, firrah, deliver up Jenny or I'll be so revenged upon that old smuggling thief your father—

SHEL. Keep your temper, old one. (*aside to Mog.*) Why you must think me a devil of a fellow among the wenches; this morning you would have it I wanted to jump out of the window with Miss Moggy, and now you come here and say pray, Mr Shelly, do you know any thing of Jenny.

M'GIL. Who's that old fellow? (*pointing to Moggy*)

SHEL. What over the chimney-piece—that's lord Lovat.—Don't speak old one.—(*aside to Moggy*)

M'GIL. Lord Lovat.

SHEL. Yes, that's poor Simon Frazier.

M'GIL. Simon devil—I mean that old fellow that stands there.

SHEL. What, by the door—O, that's Jenny Cameron.—Be sure you don't say a word old one. (*aside to Moggy.*)

M'GIL. Why zounds I mean that old fellow that stands there with the long black cloak.

SHEL. Fellow—why lord, fir, that's the doctor that's come to marry Sandy and Jenny.

M'GIL. Odsso, I beg his pardon—Dr I beg your pardon for not—

Enter CHARLEY with constables.

CHAR. Sir, I saw Crowdy enter here,

M'GIL. Did you—well take the doctor to my house then, and we'll search for him.

CHAR. I will, fir,—this way, Doctor, if you please.

SHEL.

SHEL. (*aside to Charley*) It's my father, Charley, get him safe off.

CHAR. Sir, is Crowdy in disguise.

MOG. (*aside to Charley*) Why its *me*, Charley.

M'GIL. Seize him, lay hold of him.

CHAR. Pray, sir, don't hurt the Doctor.

M'GIL. Doctor!—why you said it was Crowdy—Ay, and it is, I can see the tip of his damn'd red nose.—Seize him I say.

MOG. (*throwing off her disguise*) O spare me, my dear father.

M'GIL. Why, zounds, is *this* the Doctor?

SHEL. Miss Moggy M'Gilpin my daddy—that's a good one.

M'GIL. Why, who got you out?

MOG. Who but my pretty Sheltie.

M'GIL. Why, you rascal, what did you mean by telling me all these lies about the doctor? Simon Frazier and be hang'd to you.—Charley, take the Constables with you and look after Crowdy. [*Exeunt Char. and Constables.*]

SHEL. I wonder where my daddy is gone—I can't tell what to make of all this:—Ecod, as Miss Moggy was found hid under a great coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat. [*Exit.*]

M'GIL. Come, miss, I'll take care of you.—O, here comes Sandy and Jenny.

Enter SANDY and JENNY, and Captain DASH.

M'GIL. Jenny, I'm glad you are come, for as I like to reward merit, here I bestow you—

SAN. Thank you, sir.

M'GIL. On Captain Dash.

SAN. What do you mean, sir.

DASH. You shall certainly be a great man, sir.

SAN. You know, sir, I had your promise.

M'GIL. Egad, I believe I *am* a great man, for I have quite forgot my promise.

SAN. But I have not, sir, and expect you to fulfil it; for I'll justify my claims to my Jenny with my life.

DASH. Hark'e, young Bullcass, if you have a life to spare you had better devote it to the service of your country; I'm an officer, sir, and if you are willing to enlist I will give every encouragement.

SAN. That officer, sir, who would oppress an innocent individual will prove but a poor protector of his country, and is unworthy the favour of his king.

DASH. This is a very dangerous young man—he must be taken care of. *[aside to M'Gilpin.]*

M'GIL. O I'll take care of him. *(to Dash)* Sandy, my boy—you know your lease of my farm expires in a few days, and I can't renew it under £50.

SAN. Fifty pounds—you know it is impossible to raise £50.

M'GIL. Yes, I do know it. *(aside)* Can't you raise it, Sandy? well I'm very sorry for it—then you must quit the premises, that's all

SAN. What no indulgence for past services.

M'GIL. Hark'e, captain, I may depend upon the agency I suppose. *[Aside.]*

DASH. Certainly.

M'GIL. No, Sandy, I can't let you have it on any other terms.—I'm very sorry I am indeed; for I think you an honest man—ay, as honest as myself.

SAN. You are a wretch—a petty mean little tyrant; and may every ungrateful steward who abuses his delegated power and wrongs a worthy master, meet the villains reward—shame and punishment. *[Exit.]*

M'GIL. Damn me but you should go upon the forlorn hope for this.

DASH. Let me alone to take care of him. *[Exit.]*

JEN. And after all the toil and industry to improve this country is my love to be driven from me.

MOG. Now, my dear father, do what you please with me, lock me up, but pray do not be cruel to poor Jenny.

M'GIL. Lock you up—what the plague signifies locking you up when that cursed Sheltie gets you out again.—What are bars, bolts or locks to such an algerine family as that—And there's that old salt-water thief Sheltie's father—That fellow's rogue enough to rob a bishop of his butter boats. *[Exit with Moggy.]*

JEN. O, my poor Sandy, alas, little did I expect this.

The bleak wind whistles o'er the main.

The seaman trolls his jovial song.

He'll see his faithful maid again,

And blyth his tall ship rolls along.

From

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

29

From the mast head the cliff he spies ;
His joys in pleasing hopes expand :
The tempest roars, the billows rise,
In vain he tacks to make the land,
Relentless breakers guard the coast,
His hope, his ship, himself is lost.

Enter Laird DONALD and Servant.

DON. Only enquire if Mr M'Gilpin is at present on the island, and let me know immediately.

SER. I will, my laird. [Exit.

DON. So, I have at length arriv'd—when I set foot on my native territory, I felt my heart glow with all the pride of an ancient Scottish chief.—What, no respect—no attendance—house.

Enter SHELTY.

SHEL. Here, what do you want ?

DON. Do you belong to the house.

SHEL. No, the house belongs to me—what do you want ?

DON. Do you know who you talk to.

SHEL. Yes.—Who are you ?—what do you want ?

DON. Sirrah, how dare you talk so.

SHEL. I believe this is one of my father's smuggling customers. Yes, I know you, you are a pedlar.

DON. A pedlar, rascal.

SHEL. O I ask pardon, I didn't observe your lac'd waitcoat ; I suppose you are a puppet-show man come to Sandy and Jenny's wedding.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Yes, my laird, Mr M'Gilpin is on the island.

DON. Very well, inform him his laird is arriv'd and wishes to see him.

SER. I shall, my laird. [Exit.

SHEL. O dear, this is Laird Donald—Zounds, who could have thought of that—I had best get out of his way. [Exit.

Enter Laird of RACY.

RACY. Let me have my bill immediately, do you hear.

DON. What do I see, the Laird of Racy ?

RACY. What my Laird Donald ! who expected to meet you here ?

DON. Why I am as much surpriz'd at seeing you ; what brought you here ?

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

RACY. You may remember my sister Emily fell in love with a man whom our family didn't approve; however she contriv'd by a stolen marriage to get united to him: some time after this he was lost going to India; She came to this island to lie in, and died in child bed; the child, which was a girl, survived, and is now living.

DON. But the reason of this disguise.

RACY. I'll tell you; meeting with an old friend on the road, who is a curate, I persuaded him, for a trifle of money to furnish me this dress, as I thought I should have a much better opportunity of observing my niece under this disguise than in my own character; and if I found her capable of appearing in the rank her birth entitles her to, I might take her from her present situation—but I find her.—

DON. What you have found her.

RACY. Yes I have found her.—It seems she is to be married to-day to one Sandy Frazier; I met her on my arrival, and taking me for the parson that was to marry them, she enter'd into conversation with me—she has charms that may grace a dairy, no doubt will make a good farmer's wife, and may be more happy in that humble station than if she was rais'd to a higher sphere of life where her want of education would appear so conspicuous;—I shall give them some cash for a portion and return home without discovering myself.—And now, my laird, for an account of your journey.

DON. You must know I have given this island to my son Robert, who when he return'd to London from his Hampshire journey (where he grew passionately fond of farming) determin'd on paying a visit to his island with a view of cultivating and improving the land.—The shooting season was also begun, and knowing the place abounded with game, he resolv'd to indulge his passion for that also.—During the recess of parliament I have come after him to see what improvements he had made, but can hear nothing of him.—'Tis now near fifteen years since I was here, and I wanted to know how my steward conducted himself: of him I hear nothing but complaints, and yet the island wears a most flourishing face.

RACY. You should have come incog as I did.

DON.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

31

DON. Yes, sir, but there is no disguise can hide the native dignity of a M'Donald.

Enter SHELTY.

SHEL. My laird, I'm sure I beg your pardon for taking you for a pedlar.

RACY. There's no disguise can hide the native dignity of a M'Donald— ha, ha, ha.

SHEL. I'm very sorry I took you for a smuggler and a puppet-show-man.

DON. Well, well, there's no need of apologies—but now for my steward, honest Mr M'Gilpin.

SHEL. Right, my laird, he is as honest a man——

DON. Honest—why I heard he was——

SHEL. As great a rogue as ever.

DON. Well, inform him that I am here; and desire the gentlemen of the island to meet me.

SHEL. O yes, sir, we will all meet you.

DON. And if any one can prefer a charge against him that appears well founded I'll see him punish'd.—Come, my laird.

[Exit with Racy.]

SHEL. If any one can prefer a charge against him that appears well founded I'll see him punish'd—— Lord what a fine thing it is to be a great man—— now if I was a great man what a deal of good I'de do—to myself— I'de be the patron of genius, I'de reward stone eaters; and to shew my taste and humanity, I'de attend the most elegant cockfighting; and all the most scientific boxing matches.—— Rewards of genius—— why the reward of genius is given now-a-days, to a blacksmith or coal-heaver for a glorious black eye, or a charming bloody note.—— Then I'de go to all the *Concerts*, both public and private, where some lords play the fiddle and others the violin.—— Who knows but I might make one with the bagpipes, among these quality haubouys, at some of their polite, harmonious jestifications.

Boys, when I play, cry Oh crimini!

Shelty's chaunter, squeakerimini,

In love-tunes I'm so enphatical,

Fingers shaking, quaveratical;

With agility, grace gentility.

Girls shake heel and toe,

Pipes I tickle to,

My

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

My jiggs fill a pate,
 Tittilate, pretty mate;
 My hops love mirth, young bloods circulate
 Toodle, roodle, foodle, roodle, roo; toodle, roodle, roe.
 Oh! my chaunter sounds so prettily,
 Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;
 Cross the Tweed, I'll bring my tweedledum,
 Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb.
 Modern Rizzi's so,
 Please ma'ams misses tho';
 Peers can merry strum,
 Aft plays very rum,
 I'll puff at Square Hanover,
 Can over, man over.
 All the puny pipes from Italy, Toodle, &c.
 I'm in talk a pedant musical,
 In fine terms, I lug intrusical;
 Slap Bravura's alt, the rage about,
 Hayd'n, Mara, Op'ra, itage about,
 Orotorios, cramers, florios,
 Things at jubilee,
 Neither he nor she;
 Die at syren's note,
 Tiny throat, petticoat.
 This is amateur high musical. Toodle, &c.

A C T III.

SCENE — A rural prospect. —

Enter SANDY and JENNY.

JENNY.

O MY Sandy, why should ill fortune thus disturb
 our happiness?

SAN. M'Gilpin is determin'd to break his word to me
 and give you to Captain Duth.

JEN. He never shall; I am under obligations to him
 to be sure: but cannot think to please him by making
 myself unhappy.

SAN.

SAN. As my lease has expir'd I must quit the farm ; for it is impossible to pay the £50 which he insists on.

JEN. Perhaps, Sandy, you may find another that may suit you.

SAN. No, Jenny, there is no other to be had — O, my love, was it my happy lot to possess you, I should esteem you as my friend, adore you as a woman, cherish you to my heart, and protect you with my life.

JEN. And believe me Sandy, when you are my husband I will advise you with candour, obey you with pleasure, make your home a seat of comfort, and should you enter your door with a frown, my smiles should restore you to cheerfulness.

SAN. And yet this captain—'s death, I cannot bear the thought of resigning you even to a prince—yet why should I wish you to share my poverty.

JEN. And why not?—Were you a prince, I am sure I should partake your good fortune ; and now I'll follow you with pleasure all the world over ; therefore do not leave me.

SAN. My dearest Jenny, never till now did I think money an object.

Enter BENIN with a letter.

BEN. A letter for you, Miss Jenny, by the post. [*Exit.*

JEN. (*Reads.*) "Madam——The Ticket N^o 125, "of which you purchas'd of me a sixteenth share, is drawn a prize of £1000. I am, madam, your humble servant,

THOMAS TRUIMAN.

JEN. Heavens, what good fortune ; now you can pay the £50, and we shall have, I don't know how much in pocket besides.—Where is it ? I gave it you, you know.

SAN. You did, my love—but I haven't it about me now.

JEN. What's the matter?—you seem uneasy.

SAN. No, my love.

Enter Serjeant JACK, singing.

JACK. O here's the lad I broke at cribbage ; well my boy, I'll give you your revenge at the broads again, when ever you please ; or at any other game from Te-totum to Lamb skinner.

SAN. O Jenny, I must leave you.—Yonder's the Captain—Now will I put in practice my former intentions.—O Jenny the die is cast.

At

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

At dawn I rose with jocund glee,
 For joyful was the day
 That could this blessing give to me,
 Now joy is fled away, Jenny.
 No flocks nor herds nor store of gold,
 Nor house nor home have I,
 If beauty must be bought and sold,
 Alas I cannot buy, Jenny.
 Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
 So priz'd a smile from thee,
 True love, alone our hearts shall bind
 Thou'rt all the world to me, Jenny.
 Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient meek,
 My lilly drops a tear
 Ah! raise thy drooping head and seek
 Soft peace and comfort here, Jenny. *[Exit.]*

JACK. Poor fellow, he seems unhappy; egad, he's a generous lad, and spent his money on the recruits like a prince. — I won three pounds of him at Shelly's, besides a lottery chance.

JEN. Did you win a lottery chance of Sandy, sir?

JACK. Yes I did my dear; but I'll give it to you for a kiss — damme if I wont.

JEN. Poor Sandy, it's that which makes him so unhappy; It must be my chance, he had no other.

JACK. Why you, I believe, are the girl he was to be married to.

JEN. Pray, sir, was that the number? *[Shewing the letter.]*

JACK. A £ 1000 — no, my dear, not so lucky as that either. — Let me see — hey — Egad that's the number sure enough. — O I'm a lucky dog — Tol-de-rol-lol.

JEN. Poor Sandy. *(cries)*

JACK. Poor girl — let me see — her lover was to lose his farm because unable to pay the £ 50 laid on by that old griping scoundrel M-Gilpin — I have thro' my whole life been a petty shifting rascal, always on the lurch; but damn me if I can enjoy this first visit of good fortune, since it brings tears into the eyes of a pretty girl

JEN. I suppose they won't pay me the money without the ticket, tho' I bought it.

JACK. This is the girl too the Captain is in love with — I hate, to separate two lovers and get the man turn'd out

out of his farm.—Captain, damme if he was a general he's no foldier.—This chance would make them both happy.—I never yet had an opportunity of doing a generous action, and I have a great curiosity to know how a man feels after it—a sailor wou'd—then why not a foldier?—look you my dear, before I knew this scrap of paper was worth 60 Pounds I offer'd it you for a kifs; and tho' I'm no nabob in point of riches, yet damme me if it was worth a 1000 I'de scorn to break my word with one that hadn't the power to call me to an account for not keeping it.—Take the ticket—a kifs was the price I ask'd, but tho' my mouth waters—pay it to the lad you love. [*Exit.*]

JEN. Can there be such worth where so little is expected?—now to impart my joy, and make my Sandy happy as myself. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *a room in M'Gilpin's house.*

Enter MOGGY.

MOG. Well, here I am: for all my father's care I have found means to get out again.—I wonder what's become of poor Jenny.

Enter JENNY.

JEN. O Moggy, have you heard what has happen'd to Sandy.

MOG. Yes, I know my father has been cruel enough to turn him out of his farm.

JEN. Yes, and in consequence of that, he has gone and list'd for a foldier.

MOG. Has he—why then you must endeavour to get his discharge.

JEN. O that's impossible.

MOG. Then make him run away without it—Egad I would—or suppose, my dear, you was to get another man in his place.

JEN. O the equal of my Sandy is not in Scotland.

MOG. O yes, my dear, there is another very nice man in Scotland.

JEN. Indeed, Moggy, I mean no disparagement to your Charley.—It happens so unlucky too—when I have now, by means of the lottery ticket, the power to pay the 50 pounds for the farm.

MOG. I wish I had a lottery ticket—here's Charley and I

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

I going into the wide world, and neither of us possess'd of ten shillings for travelling charges.

JEN. Can I think of no method to preserve my Sandy?

MOG. Go yourself to the Captain, and solicit his discharge.

JEN. O I shall never succeed if I do.

MOG. Then if that's the case, my dear, you must, as the song says, pack up your tatters and follow the drum: I think you would make a very smart foot soldier's wife; with your knapsack at your back, a couple of bairns squalling one in each arm, and another little squab fellow before you marching with your husband.

JEN. I have a heart to go thro' all dangers with my Sandy.

Dearest youth, this heart will break,
If cruel soldiers take thee far;
Why peaceful home and me forsake,
To tempt the dangers of the war;
But all is home where thou'lt resort.
My Sandy's smiles such comfort bring;
The humble village is a court,
Grac'd by the presence of a king.
My silken gear I'll leave behind,
Prepare to face the rain and wind;
With him I'll meet the blast so keen,
And smile whilst on the billows toss'd;
The heart where love is warm within,
Enjoys a May in Winter-frost.

[Exit.

MOG. Poor Jenny, I believe my father uses her very ill; I'm sure she comes of a very good family; and I dare say her mother left her money, (which has made him what he is) let him say what he will; I know the eclipses me, yet I don't envy her for it, but love her dearly; and wish her happy with her Sandy, with all my heart — How long Benin stays: I hope he'll not disappoint me — O, no, here he comes.

Enter BENIN with a bundle.

BEN. Dear Miss Moggy, dere's your bundle.

MOG. There's a fine fellow.

BEN. Don't you tell massa I get 'em for you or he will licka me.

MOG. No, no, I won't—where's Jenny?

BEN.

BEN. Below—she writing a letter.—Miss Moggy, when you go away, I go too. *[Exit.]*

MOG. Let me see if he has done his business well—yes, here's a jacket, bonnet and every thing complete; I'll not even tell Charley of my design:—but what cash have I about me?—lud, I haven't above half a crown.

Enter BENIN with a letter and bank note in it.

BEN. Miss Jenny desire me to give you dat. *[Exit.]*

MOG. *(opens letter.)* What's this, an Edinburgh Bank Note of 40 pounds. *(Reads)* “Dear Moggy—the captain
“will certainly never part with Sandy, I shall therefore
“take your advice, pack up my tatters and follow the
“drum:—As I shall not want the enclos'd, I beg your
“acceptance of it for travelling charges; it may be of
“use to you till your father is reconcil'd to the step you
“are about to take; in which may you be more successful
“than yours—JENNY.

MOG. My generous friend—but believe me I'll not enjoy happiness while you taste sorrow; and the first use I make of my Highland dress shall be to procure liberty for your Sandy: and then I'll elope as fast as I can.

Enter M'GILPIN and CHARLEY.

M'GIL. You will, will you?—but I'll take care you shan't tho'—there, go in there, thou greatest of all my plagues. *(Puts Moggy off.)* There, stay, I have got the key I believe in this pocket. *(As he is feeling for the key Moggy slips out unseen by him or Charley, and goes into the clothes-press in the back scene.)* There, there—*(locks the door)* Egad I hardly think I have her safe now, tho' I have got her under lock and key, she's so full of her hocus pocus tricks.—I don't think, Sheltie, you'll be able to get her out now: tho' I really believe the rogue learn'd some of the tricks of the witch his grandmother.

CHAR. Egad I'll humour that idea, and by not seeming to give into it myself persuade the more of its certainty. *[Aside.]* No, I don't think that of Sheltie neither—tho' I believe him wicked enough for any thing—but as to that—I have no belief in such things

M'GIL. No, nor I, Charley; I defy the black art: I trust to simple rhetoric.

CHAR. Simple enough.

[Aside.]
M'GIL.

D

BEN.

M'GIL. Odso, now I mention rhetoric, I must go and repeat a speech I intend speaking when I am in parliament.—Charley, I am going to my study, take care I am not interrupted. *[Exit.]*

CHAR. Egad, I've thought of a scheme that I am sure will take: for his poor brains are so weak, his credulity so great, and prejudices so strong in belief of witchcraft, that I can persuade him to any thing; by which means I shall be able to get Miss Moggy her liberty.

BEN. *(without.)* I tell you massa be busy.

SHEL. *(without.)* I don't care, I must see him.

CHAR. Here comes Shelly very luckily to assist my project.

M'GIL. *(without.)* O you villain, O you dog, O you cursed rogue.

CHAR. He seems in a rare humour for my purpose.

Enter M'GILPIN beating Benin before him.

BEN. O dear, O dear—me don't care.

M'GIL. I'll make you care, firrah—how often have I told you not to interrupt me in my study.—There was I repeating an oration that would have done honour to Cicero, and this black dog disturb'd me to announce Shelly the piper.

BEN. Me only tought dat—

M'GIL. Hold your tongue, firrah.—There was I in the middle of my fine speech on the African slave trade, representing in the most moving terms the distresses of the poor unfortunate negroes.—O you damn'd dog you shall live upon bread and water a fortnight for this. *(to Benin)*—I was describing the uncommon barbarity with which they are treated; and was conveying it in such pathetic feeling language that even recounting their miseries drew tears from my eyes.—O how I'll horsewhip you for this you black scoundrel. *(to Benin)*—Gentlemen, says I, have these inhuman task-masters no touch of pity for the sufferings of their fellow creatures, that they exercise such cruelty on them?—No, their hearts must be callous to the fine tender feelings of humanity.—You damu'd black thief, I'll cut your flesh off your bones—I will you dog. *(to Benin.)*

CHAR. Don't be in a passion, fir.

M'GIL.

M'GIL. And to think of this infernal villain disturbing me for Sheltie the piper.

BEN. Me only said——

CHAR. Ha, ha, ha.

BEN. Ah, you may well laugh—Maffa never beat you.

CHAR. No, because I never answer him.

BEN. If I tought dat I would no answer him.

CHAR. This will give a list to my scheme. (*aside*) Don't you know my master's a great orator and loves to have all the talk to himself.

BEN. So he shall—I no speak let him say what he will. O how he has tump'd me.—Tank you Charley. [*Exit.*

(*all this time M'Gilpin is behind in a passion.*)

M'GIL. (*Coming forward*) What in the name of wonder could that saucy rascal Sheltie want with me.

CHAR. Why, sir, do you know that Sheltie says he has it in his power to bring you to terms.

M'GIL. How——how, Charley?

CHAR. Why, sir, he pretends to have the gift of second sight from his mother, who, he says, had it from the witch his grandmother.—I don't believe it, sir—I've no faith in it.

M'GIL. Upon my soul they are a blessed family.

CHAR. But I would not have you credit him, sir, for now I recollect he prophesied that my Laird Donald should arrive at Col on—egad I believe this very day; so you see what a pretty sort of a prophet he is.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Sir, my Master, the Laird Donald, is just arriv'd, and wishes to see you, immediately. [*Exit.*

CHAR. O mercy on me.

M'GIL. Are you sure, Charley, he foretold that Laird Donald shou'd arrive here to day.

CHAR. He did indeed, sir;—I never thought any thing of his power before; but this really staggers me.

M'GIL. This is wonderful—Ay, this is positive proof of his skill in magic.—Charley, as Laird Donald is really arriv'd, I must have an eye to my accounts; I must beg you to assist me in covering over my old tricks; and when I see him, I have got a speech with a spoonful of flattery that will set all to rights.

CHAR. Ah, sir, now I see thro' the intention of this wicked wretch, Shelly: that's what he means to prevent—for he said to me yesterday, Charley, says he, I have your master's tongue under my thumb, and am determin'd, with my scissars to cut——

M'GIL. O lord, to cut out my tongue!—O, the bloody minded dog.

CHAR. No, sir, worse; to cut the thread of your discourse.—In short, sir, it is his cruel determination to deprive you of all powers of voice; to let no sounds pass thro' your lips.

M'GIL. Deprive me of my speech!—but he shan't—no, I'll talk tho' there were three old women in company.

CHAR. Sir, I assure you he declar'd this to me; and swore he would soon convince me he was in earnest if you didn't give him your daughter Moggy.—Ay, sir and he said nobody should hear you, even if you could make as much noise as fifty cannon.—I never thought him serious before; but as you say, sir, (and you must certainly know much better than me) I really think he must be skill'd in magic.

M'GIL. Well, well, I'll not be afraid—no, no, I'll defy Belzebub, and——

CHAR. O dear sir, here he comes, and with the fatal talisman in his hand.

M'GIL. Talisman! why it's nothing but a little switch.

CHAR. Ay, sir, you know not the dreadful properties of that cursed twig: it was taken from the yew-tree in the church-yard, by the witch his grandmother; and with that he means to charm you to silence.—But however, sir, let us not fear the devil nor——

M'GIL. Don't talk wickedly, Charley; don't, there's a good boy.—Here the fellow is, sure enough.—He don't much look like a conjuror.

Enter SHELTY with a small stick.

SHEL. Where's M'Gilpin?

CHAR. There sir, he's asking for you. [*aside to M'Gil.* I hope you don't mean my master, Shelly.

SHEL. Your master has a master now.

CHAR. There, do you hear that, sir. [*to M'Gilpin.* What do you mean, Shelly?

SHEL.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

41

SHEL. The kicker shall be kick'd : Laird Donald is come home ; fine overhauling of accounts, master steward—you mustn't think of brooding over your chickens now my old cock.

M'GIL. Though you would steal the chicken from its roost, nay from under my very wing, yet spite of all your arts, the old cock will crow.

SHEL. Let's hear you crow.

CHAR. There, sir, he dares you to it. [*aside to M'Gil.*

SHEL. (*going towards M'Gil.*) Hark'e—Let me tell you——

M'GIL. Forbear.

CHAR. Ay, Sheltty, I fancy I know your business.

SHEL. Yes, you know I'm a piper.—But I say M'Gil-pin——

M'GIL. Get along, nor dare to use your infernal scissars here.

SHEL. I have no scissars—but see here—(*shaking the stick*)—I know you will be telling Laird Donald a parcel of lies concerning my family—but if you dare to say one thing to the prejudice of me and my daddy—look here—Let this keep you silent. [*shakes the stick.*

CHAR. He says that shall keep you silent.

M'GIL. Keep off your baleful yew.

SHEL. You—I'm as good as you.

M'GIL. Silver'd in the moon's eclipse.

SHEL. Moon—moon—damme, he's touch'd.

M'GIL. O lord, he says I'm touch'd—O I shall lose my speech—Then farewell to trope, simile and beautiful figure.

SHEL. O yes, you are a beautiful figure to be sure.

M'GIL. My flowers of eloquence are all cut down, my period is now at a full stop.

SHEL. Yes, yes, all your great doings will be at a stop now, Laird Donald is come.

CHAR. How dare you insult my master in this manner, first of all I have a great mind to kick you out of the house. Lick me.

M'GIL. Do Charley. (*Charley and Sheltty fight off.*) Well done Charley—out with him my boy—thrash him soundly—bravo Charley.

D 3

Enter

SHEL.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Enter CHARLEY

With Sheltly's stick ; opens his mouth, and appears as if he was talking every time M'Gilpin speaks to him, but says nothing.

M'GIL. I never saw Charley in such a passion in my life. What, you got him out, ha!—Come, come, why don't you speak? Call Benin to me.—Why don't you call him? Why, what do you keep nodding your head about, and moving your lips for, and not speak?—O lord—why can't you speak?—O, I saw Sheltly strike him with that fatal cudgel.—But it can't be, I'll not believe it.—Hark'e, Charley, say to me in plain, audible English, Mr M'Gilpin how do you do.—There's a good boy, say that—say it, or damme but I'll knock you down as flat as a flounder.—Don't stand making faces there, but speak.—O lord, its all true, and he can't speak—O what shall I do if he has really lost his voice?—Come, come, Charley, now endeavour to speak and have done with these capers.—No, no, he can't speak, sure enough—And yet I can hardly believe it—Egad I have a great mind to try the effect of that upon myself—but what will become of me when I get into parliament if I lose my voice?—I shall then only be fit to be made the speaker.—However, I am determin'd to try it—Hark'e, Charley, do you touch me with that twig—but be sure you hit me very gently—Now I shall see. [*Charley strikes him very hard.*]

M'GIL. Why zounds, that's enough to strike any man speechless.

CHAR. (*Throwing down the stick.*) O that I could recover my voice.

M'GIL. Why you *have* recover'd it—you speak well enough now.

CHAR. Why now my master's lips move as if he was talking.

M'GIL. I am talking, an't I.

CHAR. Poor gentleman, his lips keep moving, yet no sound comes from 'em.—Egad perhaps I have recover'd my own voice, and by touching my master have taken away *his*—I remember Sheltly told me dumbness was transferable.—Pray, sir, are you inclin'd to talking?

M'GIL. To be sure I am always inclin'd to talking.

CHAR. No, no, he can't speak—pray, sir, what would you have me to do with this wand?

M'GIL.

M'GIL. Take and burn it immediately.

CHAR. Now pray answer me, sir.

M'GIL. Why zounds, I *do* answer you.

CHAR. Now, the poor gentleman seems in a passion—and yet I dare say he's not angry.—I really believe he thinks he's talking. Pray, sir, speak—pray do, sir—do talk, sir.

M'GIL. What the devil would you have ; I *have* been talking and bawling.

CHAR. Ay, its all over with the poor old gentleman, he can't speak a word.—O here comes Benin to help my scheme. (*aside*)

Enter BENIN.

BEN. What humour is he in Charley ? [*Aside.*

CHAR. (*Aside to Benin*) A very bad one indeed.

BEN. Den I no answer let him say what he vil.

M'GIL. O here's Benin, I'll see if he can hear me.—Harke, you damn'd black dog, do you here me speak.

BEN. Tank you Charley. [*Exit.*

M'GIL Tank you Charley—he can't hear me then—O it's plain I can't speak—O lord I have lost my voice. (*as loud as he can bawl.*) What shall I do, I can't speak.—I'll go to my daughter however, and see if she can hear me. [*Unlocks and exit.*

CHAR. What shall I do now—he'll find me out.

MOG. (*From the clothes press*) Charley, Charley.

CHAR. Why, who the devil's that.

MOG. (*peeping*) Its me, Charley.

CHAR. Miss Moggy—why how came you there.

MOG. No matter—but you are humming the old one finely.

CHAR. Egad, I believe the old black one is humming us all.

Enter M'GILPIN.

M'GIL. O dear, O dear, my daughter is not there—that cursed thief Sheltie has stole her away, tho' I had her lock'd up and the key in my pocket.—Yes, he has contriv'd to get her away thro' the key hole!—Nay then I need no longer doubt his being able to deprive me of my voice.

CHAR. Well, sir, you have been speaking to Miss Moggy; what does she say to you?

M'GIL.

M'GIL. Here's this fellow tantalizing me now, tho' he knows I can't speak a word. — O lord, I am the most unfortunate old gentleman, the most miserable wretch — I can make no one listen to my complainings, or any one pity my misfortunes. — Hey — as Charley recover'd his voice by touching me, perhaps I may recover mine by touching somebody else. — O if this is all Sheltie can do, a fig for his power. — Egad I'll touch Charley — O lord no, he will be wanted to answer about my accounts. — Let me see who shall I confer this favour upon — O, I have it — I'll give it to the stupid black — yes, yes, I'll bestow it upon Benin the black — then I shall be reveng'd on him for the interruption he occasioned just now.

Enter BENIN.

BEN. Sir, here's Laird Donald.

M'GIL. O you black theif, I'll bang you soundly.

BEN. Tank you Charley.

M'GIL. Tank you Charley again — zounds, he's hopp'd off like a black bird. — O lord, my misery is now compleat — Laird Donald will wonder at my not speaking to him — there's no time to be lost — I must touch Charley — what can I do else.

CHAR. Dear, sir, tho' you have lost your speech, you can hear me : something must be done instantly. — I now recollect that Sheltie said there was a *particular* virtue attending that stick : — he told me if it was held in the left hand the person speaking could be heard by every one but him to whom the discourse is directed ; now, sir, you will have a fine opportunity of speaking your mind to a great man, and that very seldom happens ; then instead of a flourishing speech, talk boldly, and you will give the tenants a high opinion of your consequence.

M'GIL. Egad, I'll abuse him ; — he can't be displeas'd as he won't hear ; — how the tenants will stare ; for a Highland Chief is a demi-god among his dependants. Here he comes marching at the head of 'em as stately as a turkey cock.

Enter Laird DONALD and Peasants.

DON. Well. Mr M'Gil, have you forgot me, that you never came to pay your respects ? — have you lost all sense of duty to your Laird ?

CHAR.

CHAR. No, my laird, Mr M'Gilpin who has the honour to be your lordship's steward, and whose secretary I am, constitutes me to be his humble mouth-piece and bid you welcome to the island.

M'GIL. (*The stick in his left hand*) How nicely Charley's flattering him—I didn't think it had been in him.—Now I'll talk to the great man; I'll give it him on both sides his ears, as he can't hear a word I say.—(*Aside*) Hark'e firrah—you Donald—what you are come are you; well, in the name of this assembly I pronounce you an oppressive upstart, and an imperious old puppy.

DON. (*Aside*) What is all this?

M'GIL. I suppose he's surpriz'd I don't speak to him. (*aside*) So you've got into parliament, you old fool, have you? a pretty representative the people have got—to stand with your leg out like a puppet-- and only to speak as the minister turns and twists the wire fasten'd to your jaws.

DON. Astonishing!—but this confirms what I have heard of him. Seize him instantly. [*Servants seize him.*]

M'GIL. Why, my Laird, did you hear what I said?

DON. Certainly - and wish I had the power of the ancient barons to order you to be hang'd immediately.—Bring him along.

M'GIL. O that villain Charley—O you damn'd dog—O what will become of me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *a View of the Island.*

Enter DASH and JACK.

DASH. Well, Jack, I think I shall soon now sport my colours and you fix your halberd at Calcutta.

JACK. Ay, I have done my best in this enterprize because I undertook it, but now heartily wish I had never come; the thoughts of trapaning these poor fellows so far from their native home hurts me:—pressing in the sea service is at best but a shameful practice, and a cruel contradiction to British liberty: but our's is worse, for we make the honest Highlanders' loyalty to their chief the means of depriving them of their freedom.

DASH. Why, you are strangely alter'd; you had none of these refin'd sentiments when I found you a drumm'd-out trooper; but promis'd to be faithful to me in whatever I employ'd you in.

JACK.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

JACK. I was drumm'd out to be sure—my crime insolence to my officer; 'twas just, and I deserv'd it, but was sav'd from the lashes, thro' the clemency of my royal master.—Yet when a private *Soldier*, I never forgot I was a *man*, and now blush to think I have been guilty of an action which has sunk me beneath the character of an Englishman.

Old England great in arts and arms,
 For manly worth and female charms,
 Renown'd has ever been,
 Renown'd has ever been.
 And now the care of bounteous heav'n,
 Has to happy Albion giv'n,
 Has to happy Albion giv'n a gracious king and queen.
 In their royal progeny our blooming prospects smile,
 The fair possess'd of every grace,
 The fair possess'd of every grace,
 And in the gen'rous sons we trace,
 The guardians of our isle,
 The guardians of our isle.
 On Cressy's plain an Edward fought,
 A captive king to London brought;
 'Twas there his glories shone,
 'Twas there his glories shone.
 Tho' terrible in battle he could shew,
 Could shew by godlike, godlike clemency;
 He grac'd the wreath he won,
 He grac'd the wreath he won,
 Whene'er ambition tempts the war, we're ready for the field,
 To find a Cressy still in France,
 To find a Cressy still in France,
 A royal Fred'rick wields the lance,
 And holds Britania's shield,
 And holds Britania's shield.
 Let fame record Eliza's days,
 Her trumpets tune to songs of praise,
 The grand Armada see,
 The grand Armada see;
 Th' invincible she overcame,
 And Spanish Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,
 Spanish pride was turn'd to shame
 By Britons great and free.

Old

Old Neptune thus exulting, to royal William spoke,
 If woman once cou'd guard my realm,
 If woman once cou'd guard my realm,
 What triumph now, when at my helm
 I place a heart of oak,
 A royal heart of oak.

DASH. Come, come, a truce with this nonsense; you know we must get men, and we have thrown our net luckily here: we shall touch a few pounds, Jack, by this job.

JACK. Why, I know we must fish for men, and catch 'em by hook or by crook; but damme if I can enjoy prosperity myself, when it is founded on the distresses of another.

DASH. Have you seen any thing of Jenny?

JACK. Yes, I have; how can you think of parting her and Sandy.

DASH. Why, I love her to distraction.

Enter MOGGY in boys cloaths.

MOG. Pray, sir, have you enlisted one Sandy Frazier.

DASH. Yes, and I'll enlist you too.

MOG. O its for that I am come, if you'll take me instead of my brother.

DASH. Why is Sandy your brother?

MOG. Yes, sir, he's the eldest of eight, and I am the next; therefore pray, good, dear captain, do take me instead of Sandy; for my mother, and brothers and sisters will be all starv'd if you take him a way; our little farm will be ruin'd—now do take me.

DASH. What, exchange an effective man for such a little whip snaper as you—go along, you little monkey.

MOG. Yes, sir, I know I'm a little monkey—I know that—but do, sir, pray sir, discharge my brother and accept of me in his place; only consider my poor mother, and brothers and sisters who are all supported by him—what will become of them if you keep him.

DASH. Jack, here's another opportunity for your sentiment.

JACK. Yes, and for your humanity, if you have any.

MOG. Now, sir, do take me, and only see what a fine tall soldier I shall make.

DASH. Go home, go home, child.

Moc.

Mog. Now, fir, if you will discharge Sandy, I have
40 pounds in this little bag, which I'll give you.

DASH. What do you say?—40 pounds?

Mog. Yes, fir—all which you shall have; and me too,
if you will give my brother his liberty.

DASH. O that alters the case.

JACK. Ay, ay, take him fir, he'll grow taller in time;
won't you?

Mog. O yes indeed, a great deal taller. (*Gives the
money to Dash*)

Tho' I am now a very little lad,

If fighting men cannot be had,

For want of better I may do,

To follow the boy with his rat, tat, too.

I may seem tender, yet I'm tough;

And tho' not much o'me I'm right good stuff:

Of this I'll boast, say more who can;

I never was afraid to meet my man.

I'm a chickabiddy, see, take me now, now, now,

I'm a very little he, for your row, dow, dow,

Brown befs I'll knock about,

Oh! there's my joy at my back;

A knapsack—like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid, a young soldier view;

My philabeg and dirk, and my bonnet blue:

Give the word, and I'll march where you command,

Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.

My Captain, as he takes his glass,

May wish to toy with a pretty lass;

For such a one I've a roguish eye;

He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,

With my great broad sword I long to begin;

Cut slash, ram, damn, Oh glorious fun!

For a gun pip, pop, change my little pop-gun.

My foes shall fly like geese in flocks,

Ev'n Turks I'll drive like Turkey cocks;

And where'er quarter'd I shall be,

O zounds how I'll kiss my landlady.

I'm chickabiddy, &c.

DASH.

DASH. (*Writes in his pocket-book, tears out the leaf and gives it*) Well, there my boy, there's your brother Sandy's discharge—and as you are such a clever little fellow I must reward you—there's a shilling for you.

MOG. A shilling!—O dear what a noble generous captain you are. But now to find Sandy—and this paper—what a present will it be to my poor Jenny. [*Exit.*]

JACK. Egad, we are lucky rogues; why this 40 pounds will be the making of us.

DASH. *Us and we*—why, what do you mean, fellow? in profits I am *solus*.

Enter SANDY and MOGGY.

MOG. O Sandy, I've been looking for you: there's your discharge this generous captain has given.

SAN. What do you mean?

DASH. What he says is true, you are free; but for your brother there if he's pert, I shall order him up to the halberds.

SAN. I have no brother, sir.

DASH. How's this—why, you young rascal, didn't you tell me—

MOG. Lord, sir, what signifies what I told—I'm the greatest fibber you ever knew.

DASH. Why, you little young son of a gun—

MOG. Now, there you are out, for I am the daughter of an old great gun—and my match is without. [*Exit.*]

Enter SHELTY.

DASH. Why, what the devil, have I exchange'd an Alexander to make a foldier of a woman.

SHEL. Lord, the captain has enlisted Miss Moggy M'Gilpin—that's a good one.

Enter JENNY.

JEN. O Sandy is it true you have got your discharge?

SAN. I have, my love.

DASH. I see how this business is—what, you have been a confederate in this scheme.

SAN. Perfectly innocent; and yet give me leave to tell you, captain, I am an impostor as well as yourself.

DASH. Zounds, what do you mean?

SAN. Nay, nay, no blustering, for here comes an old gentleman that will set us both to right presently.

E

Enter

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Enter Laird DONALD.

DON. Hey-day—Bob, why what's the reason of this disguise? I have been seeking you thro' the island, and little expected to meet with you in this trim.

SAN. I'll answer you immediately, sir—but first give me leave to ask this gentleman by whose authority he inflits men.

DASH. By authority of your young Laird, my friend Bob M'Donald, my Colonel.

DON. What my son a Colonel—pray Bob how long have you been in the army?

DASH. Bob—why, pray, sir, isn't that Sandy?

DON. Sandy, no; but I wonder you who know him so well shou'd ask that question—why, this is your Colonel, your friend; my son Bob M'Donald.—But if you are a Colonel, as this gentleman says, I can't say I much admire your regimentals.

SAN. I can't think, sir, this gentleman has been over kind to me; for after making me his Colonel, he wantonly degrades me to the rank of a private man in my own regiment.

DASH. (*Afide to Jack*) This is Laird Donald's son!—what shall we do—they'll certainly hang us Jack.

JACK. *We and us*—why what do you mean fellow?—you know in hanging you are *solus*.

DON. Well, but Bob, I'm at a loss to account for your strange conduct, to come here under the name of Sandy, and turn plowboy to disgrace your family.

SAN. Sir, I can think nothing disgraceful that is not mean: by this innocent imposition I have, since my arrival, had an opportunity of gratifying my passion for farming, and the happiness of seeing the island in a more flourishing state than I should have been able to have accomplished in my real character—I have besides cultivated the esteem of this lovely girl, and only wait for your consent to crown me the happiest of men.

DON. Why, this bears quite the face of a romance, Bob.

SAN. Now, sir, I request this gentleman may be punish'd, on the conviction of his impudent fabrication, and forgery of my name.

Enter Laird RACY and M'GILPIN.

RACY. Well, my Laird, I am come to bid you farewell.
DON.

DON. What, are you going?

RACY. Yes, but before I quit the island, I wish to see this Sandy Frazier.

DON. Sandy Frazier—O, there the gentleman stands.

RACY. (*to Sandy*) Are you the young man that's going to marry Jenny?

SAN. I have that honour, sir.

RACY. You would think it an honour if you knew all.—well, my lad, I wish you happy—there's £100 for you; I will not tell why I give you this—the girl is wild, pert, and vulgar; but hold her in a tight trim and perhaps she may go very well.

SAN. Sir, I beg to hear no more of this: give your money and your advice to those that want 'em.

SHEL. Then give my daddy the advice, and me the money.

JEN. Tho' I hope, sir, I don't merit the character which you are pleas'd to give me, yet nevertheless I thank you for your kind offer to my Sandy.

RACY. You, madam, I don't mean you.—But when I saw Jenny to-day, she told me——

JEN. Sir, I don't recollect I ever saw you in my life before.

RACY. Why, are you Jenny, madam?

JEN. Certainly, sir.

RACY. Why, what's the meaning of this?

SHEL. The doctor has been taking his whiskey.

RACY. How I have been impos'd on.

SHEL. Ay, they forgot to mix it for him.

RACY. (*to M'Gil.*) Hark'e, sir, tell me all you know of this young woman.

M'GIL. But first tell me who you are; and if I'm oblig'd to tell——

RACY. You are—her mother was my sister, therefore I expect a true account.

M'GIL. Why, really, it is so long since, I can't recollect much: indeed I have forgot all the particulars.

RACY. Do you remember what's become of the £500 which her mother left her?

M'GIL. Why if I was upon a trial I could not remember—What I was determin'd to forget. (*aside*)—But that is your piece, who was the sweetest babe that ever was born.

RACY.

RACY. O, my dear niece; for now with pride I own you.

DON. And it is with pride I embrace her as my daughter—for you must know that Sandy is my son Bob.

RACY. Indeed!

M^CGIL. Sandy young Laird Donald—then I am in a hopeful way.

SHEL. Now what a pity it is that I can't turn out to be somebody else.

JEN. And now, sir, permit me to solicit a pardon for the compassionate Serjeant here.

JACK. Which if granted, I humbly hope, may extend to my friend the captain, who was my partner in t'^e recruiting scheme.

SAN. Recruiting do you call it—Kidnapping—a disgrace to your cloth:—in your zeal for the service it is your duty to recollect that honour is the characteristic of a British soldier.

M^CGIL. And now, my laird, I demand justice on this cursed conjuring, juggling piper—who struck me as dumb as a fish, and wanted to run away with my daughter.

Enter CHARLEY and MOGGY.

CHAR. Give me leave to introduce Captain M^CGilpin to you gentlemen.

M^CGIL. Why Moggy, what's the reason of this dress?—are you turned soldier?

MOG. I am, sir, and under the command of General Charley—The parson below gave the word—'twas love, honour, and obey.

RACY. Why, I believe this is the young woman that's so much given to fibbing—how do you do Miss Jenny?

MOG. Pretty well I thank you, Master Parson.

DON. Well, Bob, I wish you and your bride much joy, and may your affection equal her truth and virtue.—The innocent orphan is sure to be protected by heaven.—And may those who marry for love only, be thus agreeably surpriz'd with money.

SHEL. Ay, that's what I say.—Well, all this is very—The land-lord is the tenant, the tenant is the landlord, the poor parson is a rich laird, the captain is no soldier, the soldier is a woman, the orphan is a great man's child, the servant is the master, the master is nobody, and I am
poor

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

53

poor Shelty the piper, who, whether he plays on the bag-pipes or taps a barrel of ale, is still your humble servant to command. O here comes some of our friends——
Neighbours let us be merry.

SAN. Come sprightly Lowland lads,

SHEL. And Highland lad,
Trip here in jovial glee;

SAN. Gentle winds from ev'ry island,
Waft hearts merry, blithe, and free;

SHEL. At Shelty's house,
In gay carouse,
Your hours employ;

M'GIL. O well said boy.

SER. Lay supper down,
And bring the booze,
To wish the young folks love and joy.

CHORUS. Whisky, frisky, prancing, dancing,
Sorrow send to Nick the De'el;
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the HIGHLAND REEL.
Whisky, frisky, &c.

MOG. Mind dearest lad I tell you fairly,
Married I must have my way;

CHAR. I'm sure dear lads you'll govern rarely,
Love and honour I'll obey,

SAN. Nor marriage chain,

SHEL. Nor bit nor rein,

MOG. The duce a bit,

M'GIL. A gamesome tit,

SHEL. Gadzooks poor henpeck'd Charley,

M'GIL. A wise man I, my child's a wit.
Whisky, frisky, &c.

SAN. The torch of love by Cupid lighted,
Never shall extinguish'd lie,

JEN. True vows at Hymen's Altar plighted,
Rofy hours the knot shall tie.

SAN. Earnest this,

JEN. Of heavenly blifs,

Both. My only love,

M'GIL. Well said by Jove,

SAN. Sweet blossom ne'er be blighted,

M'GIL. She'll coo like any turtle dove.
Whisky, frisky, &c.

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

SER. Old Neptune's arms the Globe embracing,
In his grasp can kingdoms hem.
Great Jove upon his finger placing
Albion's Isle, a radiant gem.
Oh ever shine,
With rays divine,
Shed luster round,
And thus enthron'd.
Royal George with years increasing,
With each blessing ever crown'd.
Whisky, frisky, &c.

F I N I S.



